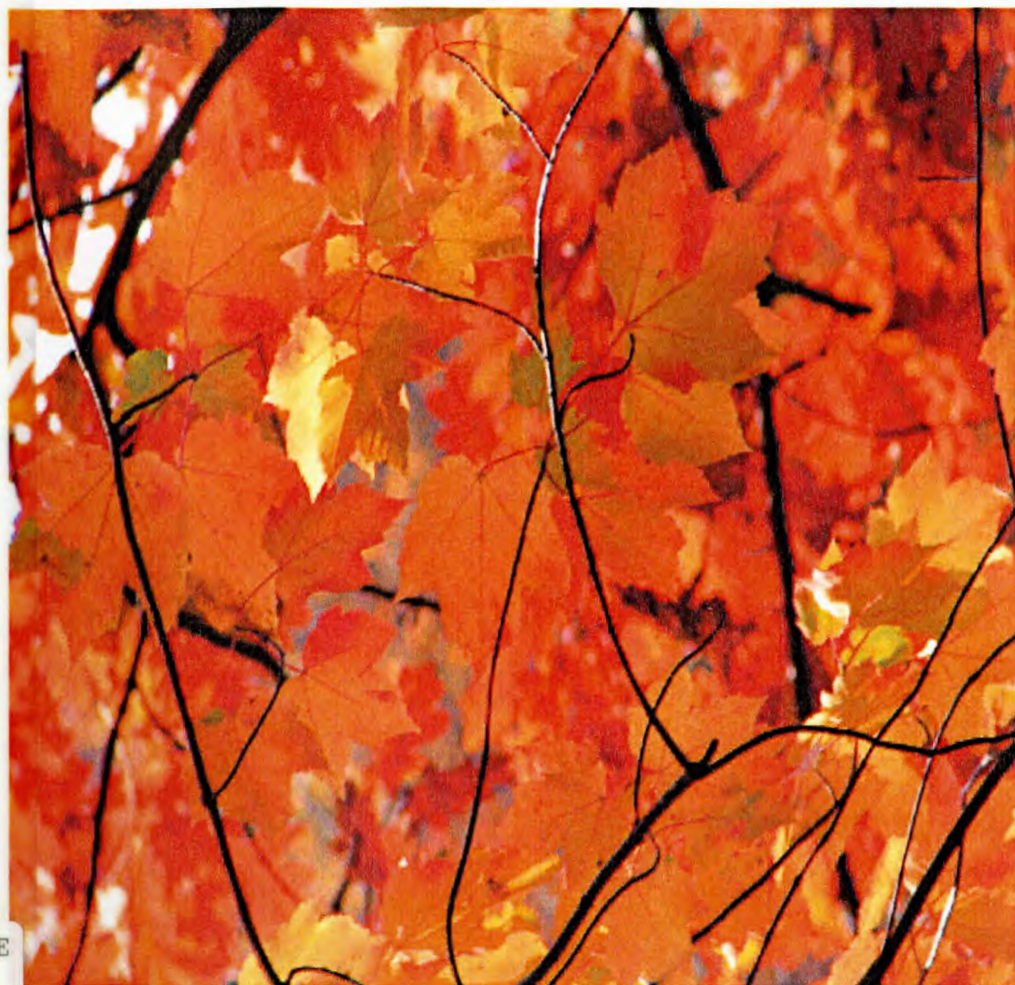


PHOENIX 2006



ALINA BACHMAN

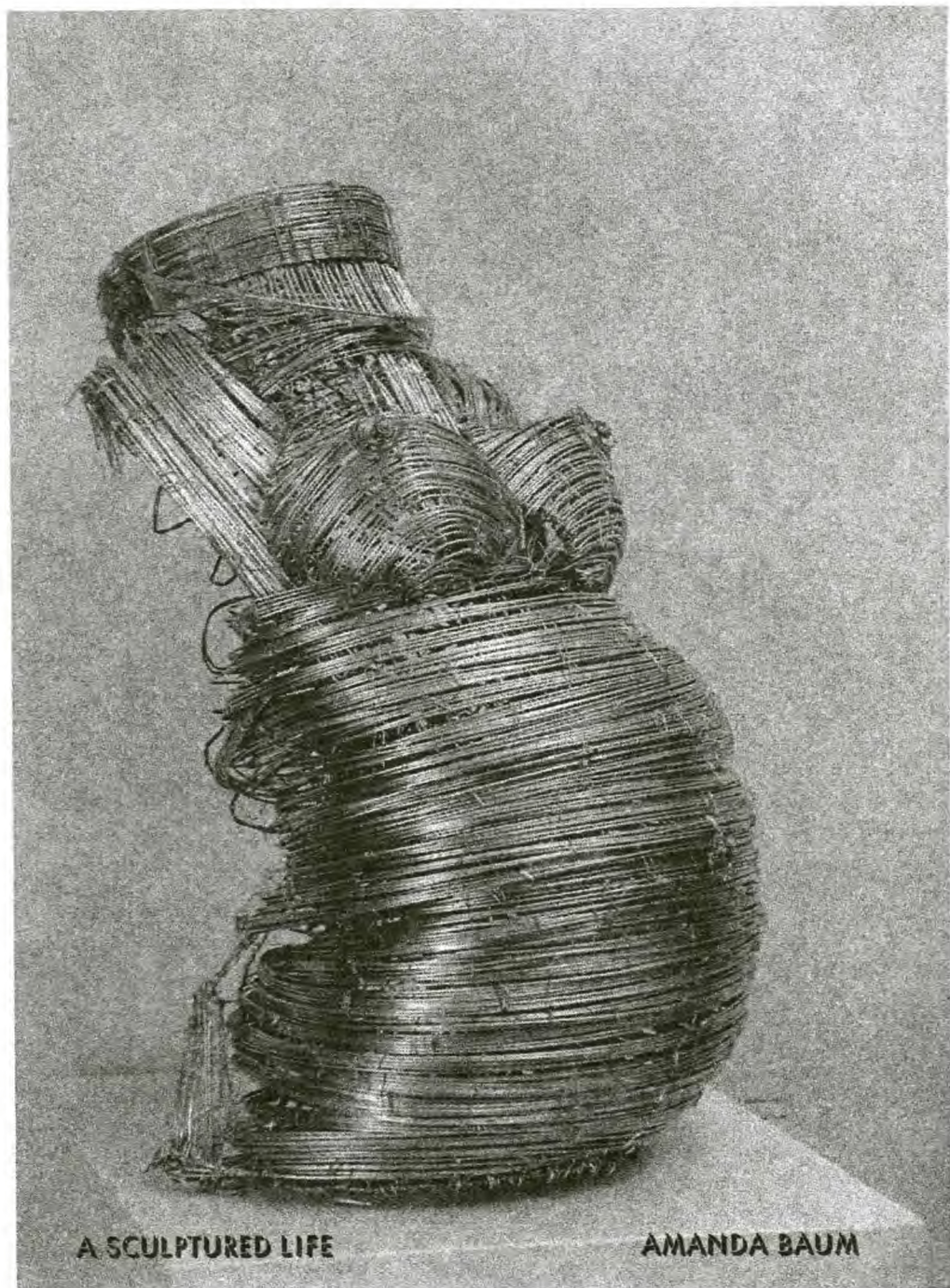
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INSPIRATION

REBECCA A. FELICIANO

**PHOENIX 2006
LITERARY AND
ARTS MAGAZINE**



A SCULPTURED LIFE

AMANDA BAUM

PHOENIX

LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE
VOLUME 31

Editor
Estella Ayuk

STAFF
Makedah Salmond

STAFF ADVISOR
Suzette Walker-Vega



FLOWER POWER

ESTELLA AYUK

Change. The word when said is at times met with great difficulty and stress. Change, though sometimes hard, is a wonderful opportunity to look at things in a different light.

This year Phoenix went through it's own change. The magazine changed from the hands of a dedicated advisor and staff to a new staff that had to learn to bend at times.

As the picture of the Autumn leaves that grace our cover suggests, we, as individuals, are always changing.

I hope you enjoy this 2006 Phoenix Literary Magazine and keep in mind, though change is sometimes hard, once you recognize the beauty of it, it is not as difficult.

So I challenge you, our readers and faithful supporters, to sit back and allow the Change to begin.

*Suzette Walker-Vega
Advisor to Phoenix 2006*

Dear Readers,

Compiling pieces of writing, art, and photography is an arduous undertaking. This task is an intricate one requiring much time, effort, and dedication from all involved.

In the past few weeks I have gathered photography, art, poetry, and short stories from our talented student body to create this masterpiece. Although relentless in my pursuit, I was at times tired, frustrated, and hopeless of our progress but "hung in there" thanks to Makedah's humor, understanding, and passion, which was topped with the guidance and support of Suzette. Together, we worked endlessly to produce this year's Phoenix.

Each piece in this magazine has moved me in some way. They have each given me the adrenaline rush I first experienced upon drinking my first cup of coffee; as this black gold touched my lips and was embraced by taste buds, I remember the strength it provided me. The satisfaction, comfort, and familiarity brought on by this cup is memorable and long lasting.

I hope that the artwork in this magazine moves you as much as it moved me.

Estella Ayuk
Editor

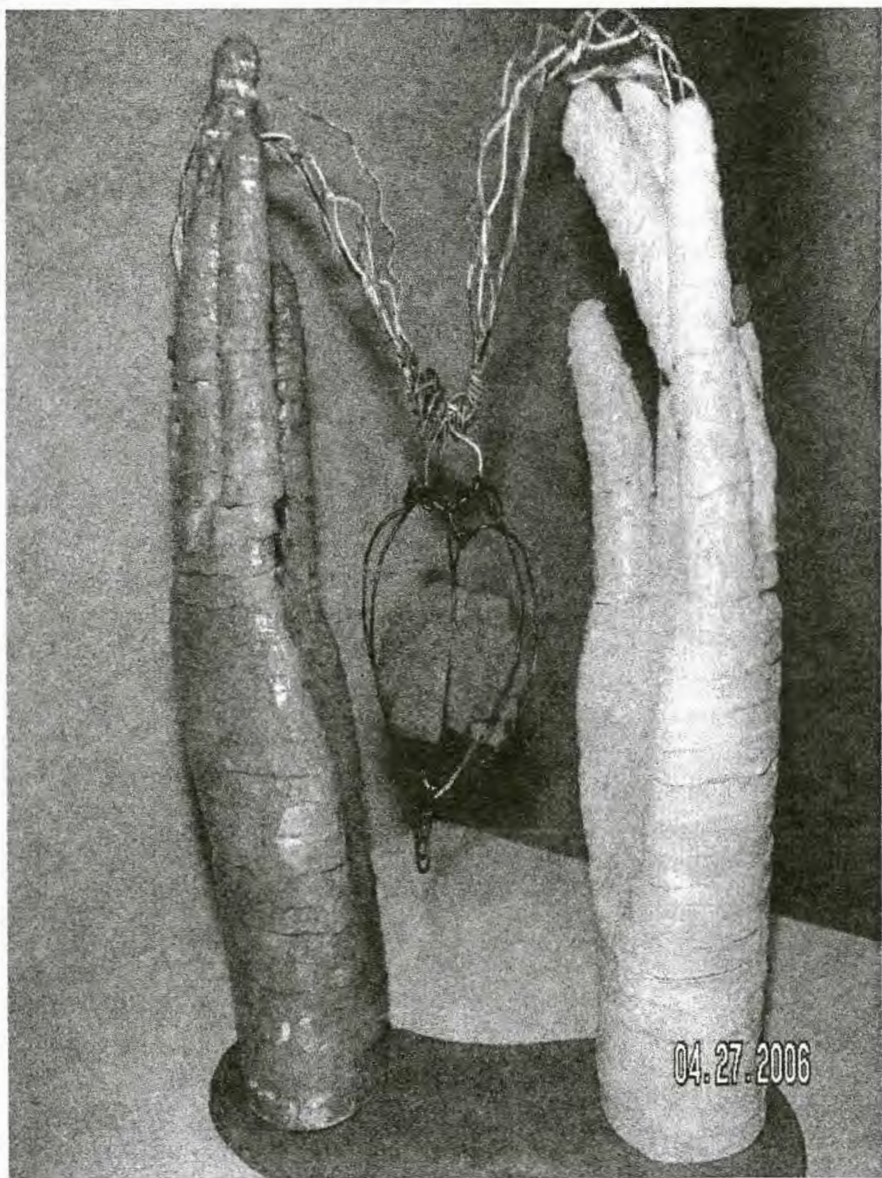


YING AND YANG

CHITRALEKHA

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SEPARATION

LUCEE

DON'T KNOW
JENNA SHANDS

It's not your fault
That my feelings grew
I don't really understand
why you think I will resent you
I ended my relationship
that is true
but honestly it was over
when I first gave myself to you
right now I don't know
what's right and what's wrong
all I know is I enjoy you and
my feelings are very strong
I enjoy your company
That's why I'm always around
I just hope it's not too much
For your smile to turn to a frown
I'm unsure if a relationship with you
will truly work out
There is so much other shit
For us to worry about
We want to be together
Well at least I know I do
But we have other responsibilities
That come before me and you
You have children, bills,
and a career to pursue

IN THE PARK PAST MIDNIGHT
ARABA ADEJI-KORENTANG

12:01- My heart is calm to a dull pulse.
My mind is clear thinking of nothing else
But why my life is a soap opera
I hate drama.

12:05- High beams blind me, like the sunrise.
I didn't know I was one step closer to my surprise.
It leaves going into the parking lot
So I continue my train of thought.

12:10- The night fell ten minutes into day
As a car creeps up, like a spider catching his prey.
But passed without warning me about my surprise,
So I continued my thought and closed my eyes.

12:20- Packs of police cars surround me like a hunter about to eat its prey
Red and blue lights reflecting on my chocolate skin.
"What are you doing here, you don't belong?"
He told me "Give me your ID and social!"
"For what?" I asked "I didn't do anything wrong."
He said "We had complaints from the neighbors."
"What was the complaint, I asked?"
He said "I can't say. But I have to give you a ticket, so leave and go away"
A ticket I thought, for what, I wasn't rowdy, wasn't drinking or smoking.
Come to find out, to my surprise
Thinking that King's dream was demised
My offense was for being
Black.

THE OTHER WOMAN
LAURA JUANITA JONES

I never knew because he was good at his game
Always together, never alone
Never in doubt
Forever in love
Ready, for the rest of my life
To be with
The One
The One that completed me mind, body, and soul
I was clueless, didn't know of her existence
Anger, hurt, pain, frustration all came over me
How could something so right, be so wrong???
How could our relationship so well known
And true
Be a horrific lie
He finally told me the history
And as the words flowed from his mouth,
So did the tears from my face
Three years of my life wasted avail
Experience gained
A lesson learned
Honest, truth, respect is all I deserved, demanded, tolerated
I immersed myself in every hateful thought of him
Then I realized not only was there an existence of the other woman,
But the other woman was ME!!

MY SISTERS PRAYER
TIFFANI AND NAJE' BLAKE

Dear God,

Praise in motion is what we offer to you. You have given us the gifts of rhythm, poise and grace and for this we praise you. With every arabesque, pirouette, tondue, and bend of our knee, we are the evidence of your wonderful artistic ability. Together, as sisters formed in your likeness, we present this dance to you.



WAKE ME UP WHEN SEPTEMBER ENDS

JENN BRAD

I knew that after the phone call from my grandmother on that bright sunny September morning that my life would never be the same. As soon as I heard her muffle her sobs to deliver the news I knew that something terrible had occurred. Before she could finish her sentence the gut wrenching feeling that I felt told it all.

My uncle was gone and he would never be able to physically see me grow up. How could someone be here one day and gone the next with out any warning. I have witnessed people die but there was a cause for it. My uncle's death, however; will forever baffle me.

I will never forget the walk down that long bright white hallway. My grandmother clutched my hand tight for balance and support. My cousin, mom and other uncle weren't too far behind. I was so anxious about the image that would permanently be embedded in my mind. However, my anxiousness must have not been too obvious because the person in charge of revealing this image was late causing thirteen minutes to feel like an eternity. All I could do was bite my nails and rock back and forth just to contain nervous energy. At last those thirteen minutes were up and the person arrived. Upon their arrival, we were all handed white gloves. My grandmother opted to stay outside. As soon as I entered the room a bone-chilling breeze rushed over my body and finally the image was revealed from under the white sheet that was covering it; this image was my uncle. The once tall comical, brown-skin husky man, now lay before me lifeless and pale. He was turned on his side looking as if he were engaging in a peaceful sleep. It felt as if he were going to open his eyes and look at all of us and asked why there were so many pained expressions and not one dry eye. At that very moment all of our memories together flooded through my mind in slow motion. The tears begin to fall and the reality was my uncle was gone forever.

Although days had passed everything did not sink in until the black limo pulled up in front of the funeral home. As I walked inside to approach the opened coffin my legs buckled as if they were made of spaghetti, still I walked on until I reached my destination. When I got there I placed a single rose on his chest and a kiss on his forehead. This would be indeed the last time I would see my uncle and new tears hit my cheeks before the old ones even had a chance to dry. Even though he was physically gone, I knew he would still be here spiritually showing his love and guidance.

Countless hours I would just sit and think about our times together. During my childhood he was always there to encourage me to do my best. Even if it was not what others considered to be the best he told me as long as I was satisfied than that is truly all that matter. My uncle's influence on my life is what has helped me to discover that being a nurse is what I want to spend my life doing. He had Sickle Cell Anemia and spent a lot of time in hospitals. When I was old enough to finally go visit, there was no way that anyone could get me to leave. I would arrive before visiting hours started waiting in the lobby eagerly anticipating seeing him. I would then sit in the hard uncomfortable chairs with the chilling temperatures and foreign smiles invading my personal space.

Many of the nurses began to know me on a first name basis and would sometimes allow me to stay at least five to ten minutes after visiting hours were over because departing from my uncle was always a tough task, even if I had promised to visit him the following day. Seeing him in this setting just made it hard for me to understand why things like this happen to the most wonderful people. Being at his bedside helped him to cope with his disease and it helped me to express how much I cared about him. I took notice to how the nurses and other medical professionals helped him. I thought "hey if they could help him through all of this pain then I know that I can do it also" So finally I decided I would be a nurse and maybe even find a cure for Sickle Cell Anemia.

I feel the connection I formed with my uncle as a child is still alive. I frequently wonder why this tragic event occurred and who would provide me with the answers of my many questions. When things got really hard to deal with my fall semester of freshman year I would write letters and poems or just take long walks to sort through my thoughts. I was in serious disbelief I never thought that I would have to take medication or go to therapy to ease my pain. However, as the saying goes always expect the unexpected.

I even wanted to quit school, put my dreams on hold until a later part in my life when I felt strong enough to live my life as I had planned to. Yet I realized that was not the solution to the problem at hand. Staying home and doing nothing with my life would just lead me to an early grave and disappoint my uncle. Meanwhile, I decided that the show must go on. I was put on this earth with a purpose and it is my job to fulfill it. As well as encourage others to follow suit. With that in mind and a few days to ponder my life and future I acquired a new outlook on life. I was ready to take the world by storm for not only myself but also my uncle; he is my motivation.

If I continue with my new way of thinking than my final destination of success will arrive sooner than later. When my uncle's death first occurred, I just felt that the world was over and no one was going to be there to help me get through this thing we call life; it was really now me against the world. There was no reason for me to make an effort anymore because death has no age limit, as a matter of fact it is the only thing in life that is guaranteed and the grim reaper would be in search of his next victim at any time. Then I realized that it was foolish to think that way. Upon that realization, I developed the mentality that I must "live each day like it is my last but I must learn as if I will live forever." So that is what I am doing, living, learning and loving life. When the grim reaper knocks on my door I will have something to show for it. Lastly I will be able to tell my uncle "Hey, it's been awhile since our last rendezvous but I have accomplished a lot just like we had planned. Let's discuss it over lunch after St. Peter lets me through the gate."



RIPPED OPEN



STARVING CULTURE



MELANIE GLASS

NATURE
ROSE WARDELL



SO IS THIS TRUE?
NATASHA HILL

Laughter, joyfulness, happiness left the child so fast
She sits alone, hoping longing to know, is this my fault
She's kind, loving, caring and sweet
but still she can't seem to understand
She ask them well is it me, they reply to her no.
So is this true.

Her heart beats in rythm to a sad sorrow song
Soldiers marching around her head with no way out
She waits with anticipation to find an answer
But while waiting the pain of rejection clouds her spirit and mind
She ask them again well is it me, they reply to her no.
So is this true.

She's overtaken by the five, to taste, to see, to touch to hear, to smell
stormy winds, hurricanes, twister, tornadoes, swells of emotions
Rapid running streams of tears flowing down her face
But the compass won't point to where she needs to go
and so, she ask them agian well is it me, they reply to her no.
So is this true.

Lord, I decided I am sick of being sick and tired
So now that I need changed I'm coming to you
I desire your love, comfort and joy.
But I don't know Lord, what do I do?

I come to a halt,
I stop and think
Enlighted by the words that comes of the paper
But with new interpretation,

I ask you again is it me, you reply no
So is this true.

Now see, I found a "friend who sits closer than a brother."
I found love and care my heart seeks for
I realize now that the arms of flesh can fail you
But when I went to you, you change the sound of my question
Now when I ask you is it me, you reply to me no, everything happens for
a purpose
My child one equite, eternal night with me, for the rest f your life and
satisfy you....
And for that reason, it is true.



NOSTALGIA
REBECCA FELICIANO

CONTAIN HER SHANNON FELL

The cool, icy to the touch porcelain is unmoving, non-moldable. Its pure milky body offsets an angelic presence comparable to the virginal whiteness of a bride's untainted wedding gown, which demonstrates a deeper reflection of her inner purity. Smooth, curved contours uphold the principle they were designed for: keeping secure the water placed inside. Shelves on the top house the mysteries of cleanliness. And located on the bottom, lies a means to expel the waste that accumulates. A door or curtain attempts to barricade reality, but all too often it is the only provision for worldly exit.

A soap dish protruding from the side is somewhat outdated in these modern times of liquidation. Its dusty hue is the first strike against perfection, but it carefully serves as a balancing point between tub and tile.

A traditionally set metallic faucet protrudes perpendicularly from the wall before shifting in a downward sloping right angle. Years of use have led to the accumulation of mineral deposits ruining its once flawless finish. Matching knobs denote hot and cold, life and death. A hint of wonder arises if this is the reason life is so confusing. Identical objects producing opposite effects.

Mildew has become entrenched in the imperfect seal of caulk. Hours of scrubbing hold little value when a week later its undesired company has returned. Even paradise couldn't keep out the stain of sin.

Outwardly uniformed tiles possess traces of individuality. Their ability to conform to one another bridges even the gaps of grout from a distance. Though, their up close characteristics hint at the inability of machines to produce sameness.

Without hindrance, my warm stripped body shivers where direct contact with the porcelain occurs. My divine inspired creation is unable to yield to this manmade product. Comfort is almost impossible to find within this womb of simplistic stiffness. The only gift is my stolen heat bounced back to me in inconsistent waves of relief. Seeking fingers search for some other

means of solace, but never do they find. Humming reverberates in a cocooning fashion, but vanishes in the instant of finished utterance. My already empty soul rediscovers the hollowness it now employs due to present circumstances,

The warmth of summertime circus love has departed leaving my used heart to the menial comfort of numbness . Tears fall expressively, only to be met with cold resistance. They are unable to penetrate the outer layer. Finding themselves unabsorbed they pool together, merging into a larger collection before trickling off toward the drain. Is my emotion waste? Why don't you hold on to it, as I have?

The extent of my emotion-filled exhaustion does nothing to change your temperance. Resolution finds root logically, when my mind conceives the limitless power you have to deal with my current state. Your physical being hasn't changed, but your lesson has been learned.

Standing on shaky legs, my body stumbles out into the world it had previously left behind. Confidence finds place inside my step. You've taught me that it's possible to take care of myself. Though I will always question just how many heartaches you have cured in your artificial embrace.

UNTITLED
REBECCA A. FELICIANO



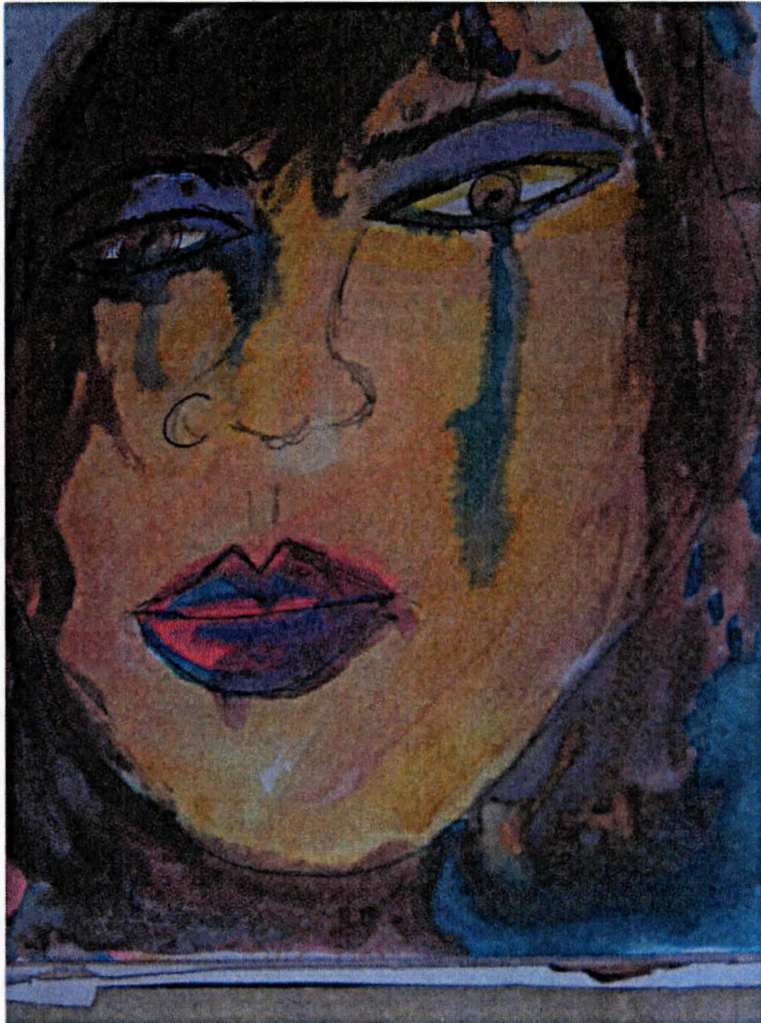
ALLUSIONS OF LOVE
KARYN MOORE

I don't want to be your Eve
But the apple that tempts you
To take a bite.
I don't want to be your Juliet
Rather, the sword that
Pierces your heart.
I don't want to be your
Aphrodite
Venus
Or any other
Goddess of love
Wanting your attention and affection.
What I want is to be a memory
A memory that makes your heart
Hurt a million times more
than mine does because
I want you to be
My Adam
My Romeo
My Anteros.

UNTITLED
AMANDA BAUM



MY FAVORITE DAY
ROSA CARTAGENA

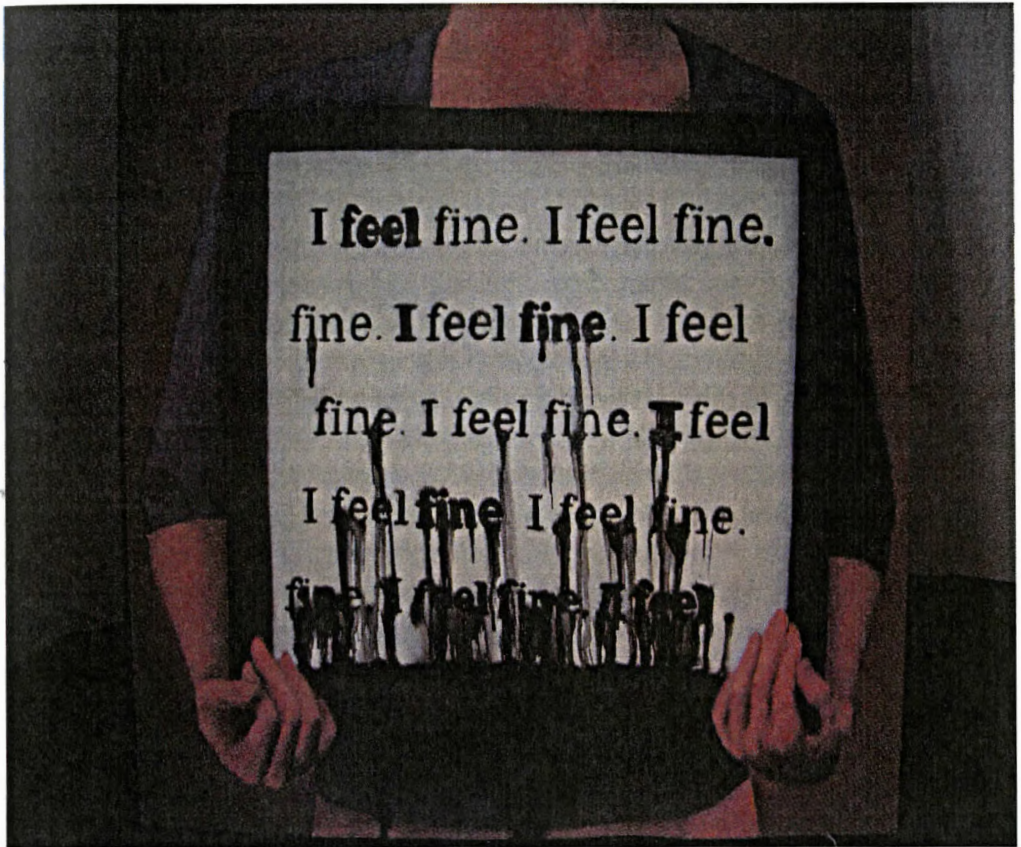




SELF POTRAIT

KARYN MOONEY

I FEEL FINE
MELANIE GLASS



WEST VIRGINIA -IN MY EYES

NIKIA BURT

"This land is home to me!" That is the spirit of West Virginia; regardless of how difficult life becomes, the people remain. West Virginia is a state of pride and pain. Although there is extreme poverty in some regions, many feel tied to the land because they have generations of ancestors buried on their property.

As a result of the flourishing coal industry, the beautiful Appalachian Mountains in West Virginia are constantly being destroyed in search of new mining sites.

On the contrary, West Virginians enjoy a 'simple life' and are proud that they have not been affected by materialism. Although it is a life immensely different from mine, I have learned to respect it. When assistance is needed among neighbors, the people are unquestionably willing to help each other. During the week in which I resided at the house known as Big Laurel, once attended as a school for underprivileged children, high in the mountains of Nagatuck, I learned the true meaning of a 'simple life.'

Self-sustaining is the primary goal of mountain people. Rainwater is captured and flows directly into the plumbing system. Therefore, a shower can only be taken when there has been enough rain and the toilet should only be flushed when it is necessary. The water is used for eating, drinking, bathing, and cooking. All trash is burned; all leftover food taken out daily as compost to be used later for fertilizer. Arduous labor is a part of life. Big Laurel is now a summer camp; therefore, acres of leaves have to be raked in preparation for the children. Trees that have to be cleared for power lines have to be dragged to the road in order to be split, transported, and stacked for firewood. Large groups of volunteers are necessary to complete lengthy tasks in a timely manner.

This was a completely new experience for me. I learned to sort garbage properly and burn it. I learned how to mix ash with soil and compost to make fertilizer, and also how to keep a fire burning thoroughly. I also assisted with the endless task of splitting firewood. I cleaned, reorganized, and painted a greenhouse, raked a ton of leaves and cleared out ditches to stop the road from flooding.

During this week, I learned a great deal about life. While living a 'simple life' wasn't easy for me, I feel very fortunate to have been given the opportunity to take part in this experience.

I have realized that not all Americans have access to the luxuries which so many of us take for granted, such as showering daily, washing clothes in our own homes, or having cellular reception. Despite the fact that we may see this as a difficult way to live, mountain people cherish this way of life.

The biggest obstacle is the lack of career opportunities. Mining, which is the deadliest career path, is also the highest paying. The average miner receives approximately \$1,000 per week. There are not many legitimate unions that truly support the workers' interests. I spoke with a worker who is on the clock for a minimum of twelve hours a day. When I asked if he liked his job, he hesitated, saying "it is the best job someone can get with just a high school education." Despite his response, I felt he meant otherwise. I was struck by the thin layer of coal, which coated his skin and covered his teeth. Many miners die from black lung, which occurs after years of inhaling coal dust. Others die when the mine collapses; many deaths are quickly covered up and never reported because coal is an extremely profitable business. More than 50% of the electricity consumed by Americans is produced from coal. The problem is so horrible that even the government turns a blind eye.

After seeing a film produced by Robert Salyer, I was shocked to find that people who live near sludge impoundments face the danger of having their homes flooded at any moment by a toxic substance used to clean coal. Sludge is an astonishing film, which reveals the truth about the horrors of the coal companies. In 2000, 306 million gallons of coal sludge flooded the waterways in the Kentucky-West Virginia border. This devastating event was never reported to the rest of the nation.

Having fortified my spring break to step out of my comfort zone and take part in the service trip to West Virginia, I feel I have made an enormous accomplishment and become so much more open-minded. My mental state has been altered, making me more appreciative than I have ever been in my entire life.

LOVE POEM
BEKKI MUI

I've tamed your roses
They could not fool me
Hypocritical pink daring to
Ooze the scent of a newborn

I took a blade to the elastics
Forced a ragged, deep incision
Exposing prickly insides
Prying open the fastening

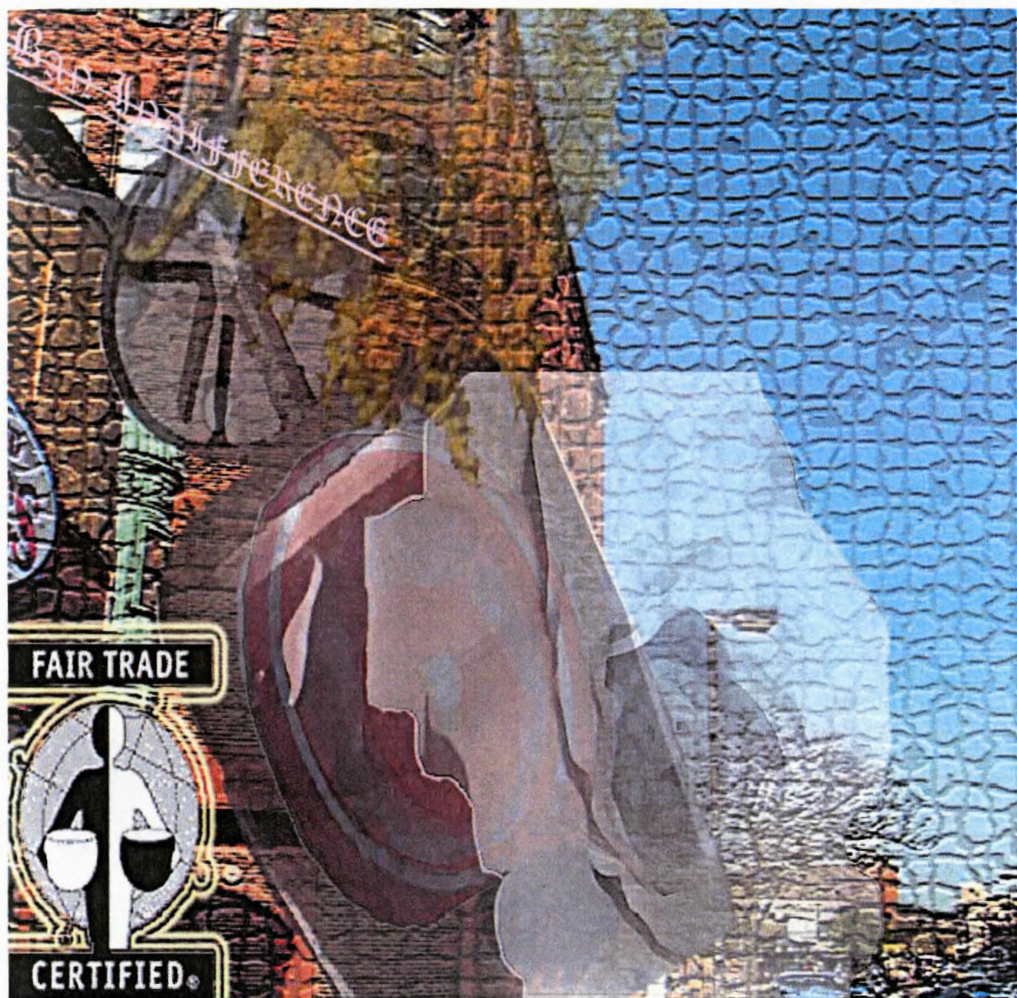
I grabbed them by the neck
Trapped them against the ledge
Clutching with a boa's fist to stifle
Struggling from the amputation

I ripped their leaves as insect's wings
Plucked faster and faster until extinct
Leaving grooves of vulnerable white
Leaking trenches voicing soundless pain

I packed them tight into a narrow vase
Crowded them, a suffocating design
Stretching, bending, nearly snapped
Leaving them locked in competition

I've tamed your roses
They could not fool me

UNTITLED
ESTELLA AYUK



THEME FOR DR. H
ARABA ADEJI-KORANTENG

Spring/Summer June baby born in '86,
I am not built like a pile of sticks,
I am built on a cement foundation
Consisting of the African nation.

My skin the color of the Earth,
My red emotion has a beat of the African drum,
My soul serenades with the music of the Caribbean,
My talk, is from Bean town,
My walk is from the Big Apple
Jesus is my core.

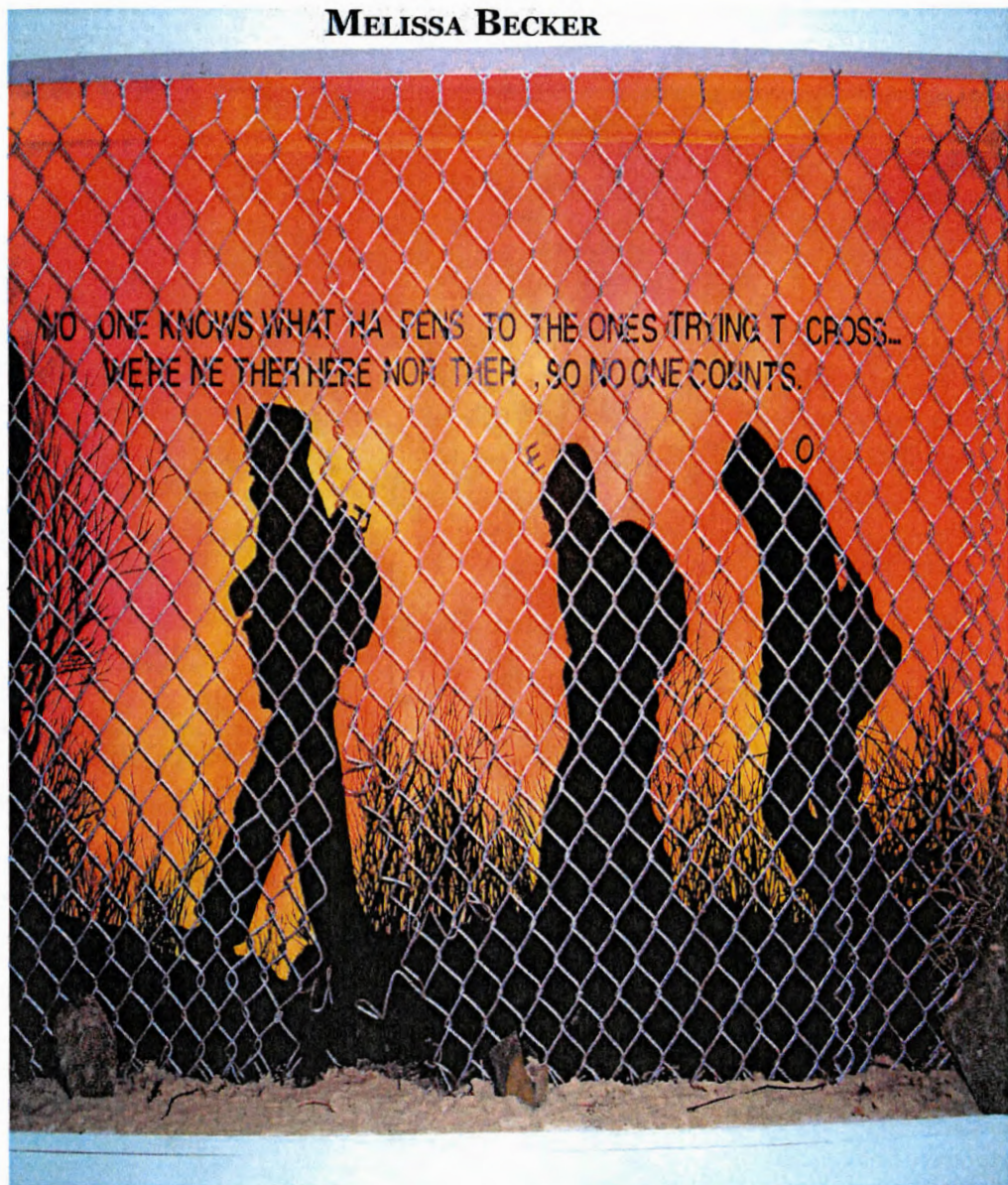
My feet have danced to every rhythm,
My fingers have written many a rhyme,
My voice has diction
These will be a part of my mission

I want justice and peace
For my little niece.
I might have to fight
For what is right.

Every night I shall pray,
For a new day.
Maybe I will have a chance
To make a stance.

But for now I shall dream,
About my theme.

SOLDIERS
MELISSA BECKER



UNTITLED
JESSICA LIMA





REACH

ALINA BACHMAN

IT WON'T WASH AWAY
MELISSA BECKER



FORBIDDEN LOVE
CHITRALEKHA



**DO WENDIZINA BABCI
BEKKI MUI**

There is nothing on my walls but bits of tape
Left in triangles I was too frenzied to grasp
Transparent fraying grays of collected dust

I had a wall of memories, perfectly lined squares
Smiling moments. Safe, Preserved

When I heard the news I ran back to my room
Grabbed her face, digging my nails between
Further and further into the space
Finally, with a satisfying smack
I ripped it from the cold wall
With its smooth surface surviving underneath
So white and slightly raised
I traced the outline with my finger as she fell
Calmed suddenly by the brightness underneath

But panning back it's not a brick but
a space, a void, a scream, a break
Like my loss in me
Mocking my wall of happy memory
How stupid of me. It has to go.
But how do you kill a space?
I set to work with shrieking cries and frenzied fingers
Windmill arms, fueled by inner frustration
I killed the wall, memory by memory
Grabbing handfuls of picture and balls of tape
Not caring as my hands caught and stuck and ripped and bled

When I had done, but tape remained
And a few hanged photos, swinging by the thread



RESPIRATION
JENNA SHANDS

Life is not measured by how many breaths we take,
but rather by the moments that take your breath away.
You have truly stopped my respiration
Now I find myself gasping for air

In my situation my mind knows what I need to do
But it's up to my body to take the message and follow through
But there's a struggle
just as the continuous battle between my heart and mind

The brain is said to be the center of control
But the other organs feel this theory is wrong
I agree one can't work without the other
They have to find compromise to support each other

There are goals that I have set out for myself
They have remained the same through out the years
I am determined to hold my ground
I refuse to look at my life and let my eyes fill with tears

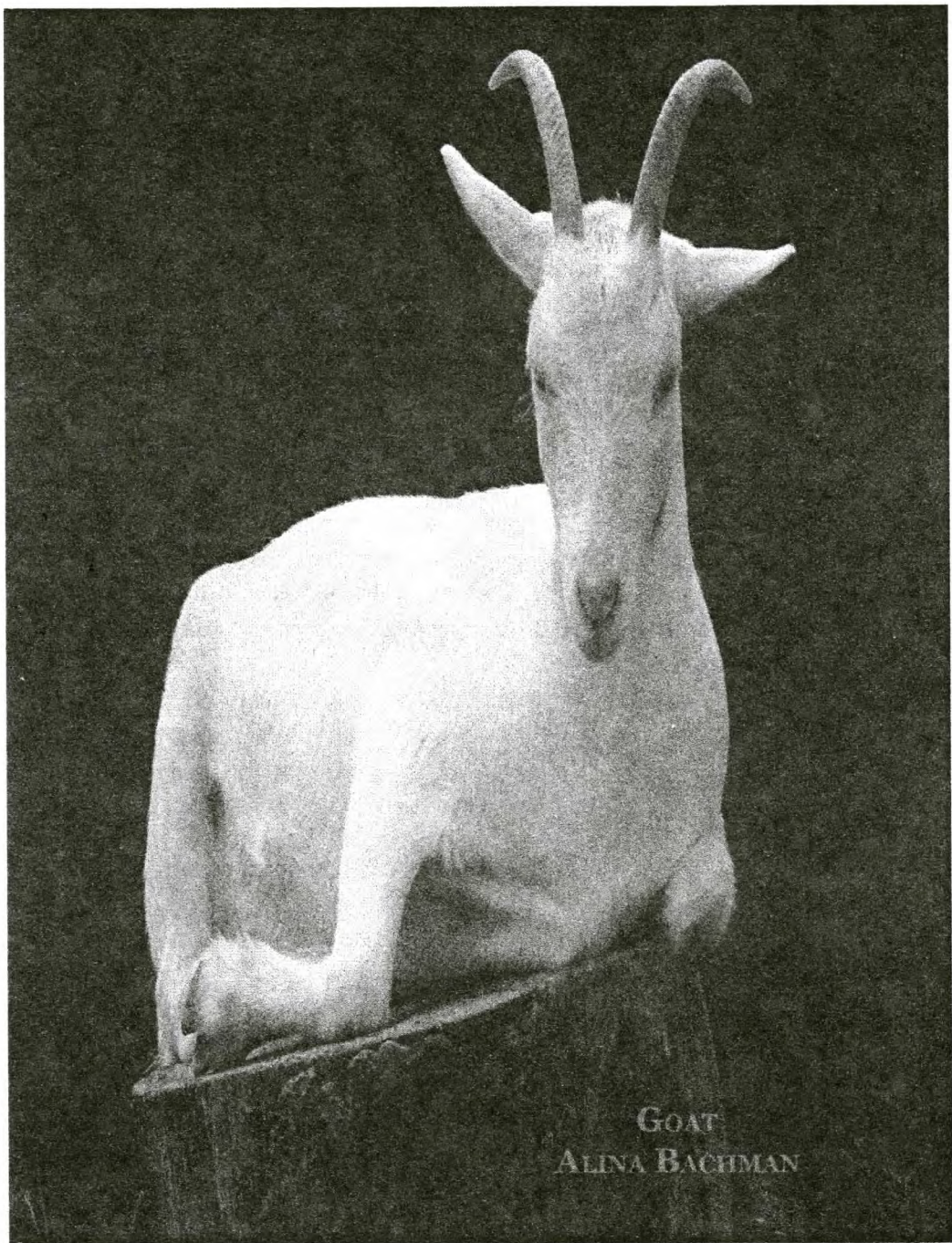
Help people, become a nurse, travel the world
And have a family without financial struggle
In years to come will put a smile upon my face
Knowing that even still with compromise all my goals I can juggle

Until then work hard and smile up
And take things day by day
I realize I think way too far ahead
And for that, stress is what I pay

So now I choose to take thoughts and feelings
Place them on a bubble and blow them away
What is done is done and if I try to retrieve it
it'll pop that's the only way

In my life I have to let things go
I constantly put things on hold
I care for you I want you
But I'm unsure that I can

But at this very moment I have a degree to attain
I'm trying to make my bubbles but in my mind the thoughts still remain
It's easier said then done I'm still gasping for air
I think when I finally catch my breath
With time my life I can bare



GOAT
ALINA BACHMAN

Phoenix is the literary and art magazine for The College of New Rochelle. Published in the spring of each academic year, this magazine showcases the artistic talents of The College of New Rochelle community. Submissions considered for this publication are accepted from students and faculty in the School of Arts and Sciences and the School of Nursing. All forms of art are welcomed. All advertising and submissions for next year's edition can be sent to the following address:

Phoenix Literary and Art Magazine
The College of New Rochelle
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New Rochelle, NY 10805

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